



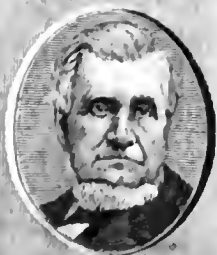
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

CONTENTS:

MOUNT TABOR.....	(Illustrated) J. M. Sjodahl	9
NEW INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES—New Applications of Electricity, Etc.....	E. F. Parry	12
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.....		14
TOPICS OF THE TIMES—The Catholic Church.....		17
Waste Places will be Reclaimed.....	The Editor	19
FRITZ THE GRIPMAN—A New Year's Story.....		20
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS—The Flight of Time.....		24
A Disfellowshipped Elder.....		25
IN EARLY DAYS—Manti's Settlement.....		26
COLUMBUS IN MARBLE.....		28
MY TESTIMONY.....	George Alma Atkins	31
THE FAITH OF STRANGERS.....		32
A TEMPTATION—A New Year's Story.....		33
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS—The Prize Winners—More Prizes Offered.....		36
Children in Germany.....		37
Kindness.....		37
Little Hero.....		38
Some Queer Questions—I wonder.....		39
HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY IS THE SIGHT—Song for the Little Folks.....		
Words from <i>Primary Hymn Book</i> . Music by Minnie E. Owens		39
IT IS THE SABBATH DAY Words and Melody by C. Denney. Arranged by H. A. Tuckett		40
GATHERING.....		40
MUSINGS.....		40

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THE Golden-Rod Publishing Co., of Chicago, Illinois, has determined to secure 500,000 new subscribers to their family story paper, **THE GOLDEN ROD**, before July 1st, '93. In the ordinary way this would require a lifetime, but "time is money", and in order to save time we are willing to pay those who subscribe now a large sum of

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1	A - — LE	Tree bearing round fruit.	6	— IN —	A lofty tree.
2	PE — —	Tree, Fruit larger at lower end.	7	PAN — — — —	Flowers, handsome, of purple or other colors.
3	TUL — — —	Plants, with Flowers of bright colors.	8	BAN — — A	Tropical tree, with fruit in bunches.
4	— R — NG —	Tropical Tree, with round yellow fruit.	9	ROS — —	Flowering bushes.
5	— RAP —	The fruit is good to eat.	10	— ATE —	Tropical fruit bearing trees.

EXPLANATION Each dash indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word will be found complete. EXAMPLE: B—d—c. A book which everyone should read. The omitted letters are i and l, and when properly inserted the complete word is bible.

REWARDS Are paid in cash the very day any answer is found to be correct. To prevent even any appearance of irregularity or collusion, a copy of the original ten words has been deposited in a safety vault under seal, to be opened March 31st, '93, in the presence of witnesses, whose sworn statement as to the correct words will be published in the April number of the GOLDEN-ROD.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



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No. 1.

MOUNT TABOR.

THE beautiful, regularly-formed mountain in the accompanying illustration is the, in sacred history, celebrated Mount Tabor. It belongs to the Galilean high land, and lifts its majestic summit to the height of over 600 meters above the sea level, far above any of the surrounding hills, thereby offering the traveler a most magnificent view in all directions. In the north the horizon is limited only by the great Hermon; in the east the blue contours of Hauran are plainly discernible; in the south the mountains of Gilead and Samaria appear in the distance as mighty waves on an ocean, and in the west Mount Carmel is easily recognized. On a very clear day the Mediterranean is seen beyond this as a narrow ribbon of bright silver, forming a connecting link between heaven and earth, as it were. It is doubtful whether there is another spot in the Holy Land where nature exhibits to the wondering gaze of the spectator so much beauty and grandeur combined.

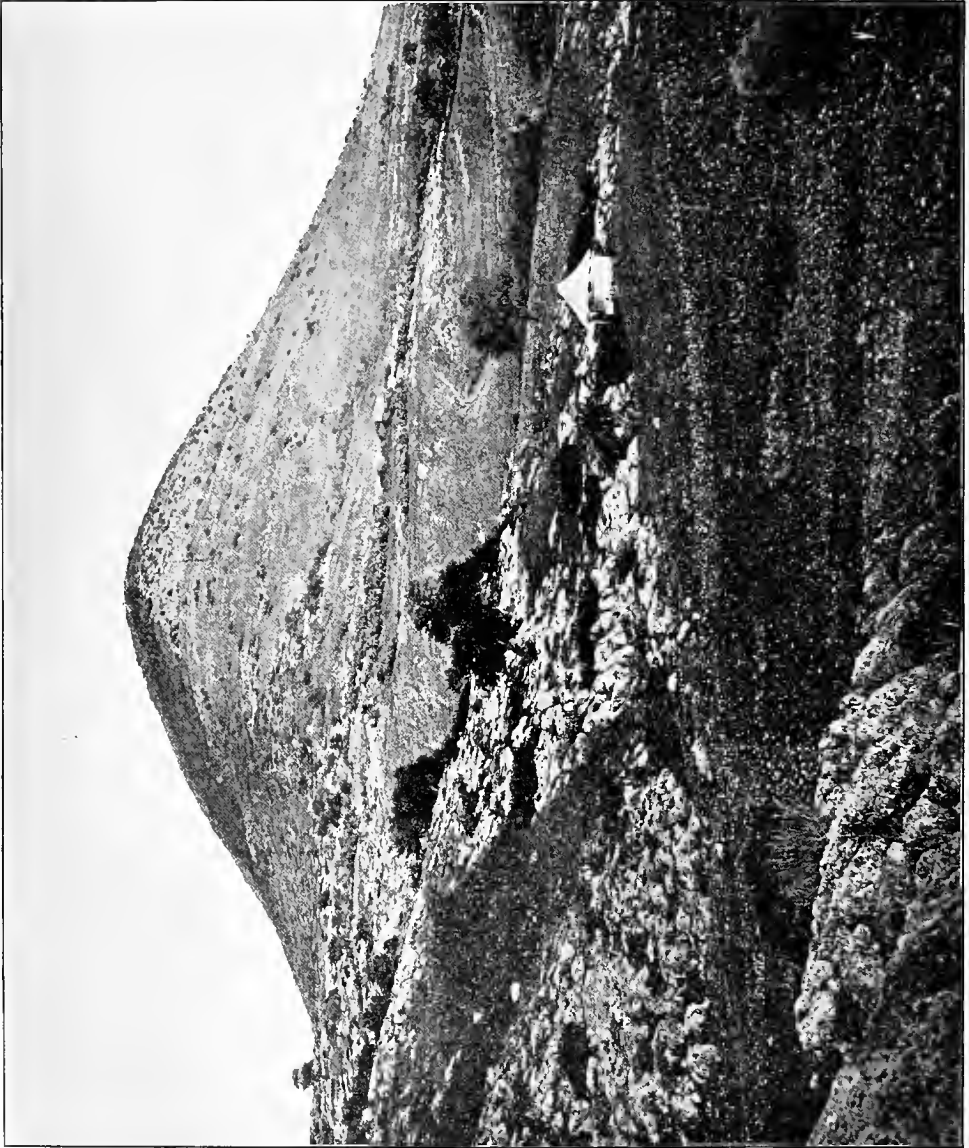
The event which makes Mount Tabor one of the celebrated places in the country is the transfiguration of our Savior. A tradition, probably not older, though, than the third century of our era, points this mountain out as the one where that memorable incident of our Savior's life occurred. As nearly every

other tradition of these times and places, this is also doubted by students of sacred topography. The objection is that the numerous ruins on this mountain prove that it was at the time of Christ tolerably well studded with habitations, whereas the transfiguration is supposed to have taken place in a secluded spot. It is certain enough that already at the time of Antioch the Great, about two hundred years before Christ, numerous houses had been erected and many people sought a refuge here during the wars between the Jews and Romans. But notwithstanding this, it is safe to say that there was room enough for the Lord and His three disciples to have the interview with heavenly messengers in all seclusion, if they really did select this mountain for it. Any one who has been there will, after investigation, readily admit this. That objection alone is therefore hardly grave enough to upset the Tabor theory. In favor of it is the fact that the Lord a few days before His transfiguration traveled with His disciples in the northern part of the country and then ascended "a high mountain;" and there is hardly another top in this region to which that appellation might so appropriately be given as this.

The transfiguration of Christ is one of the great events in His life on earth.

The evangelists tell us that He went up on the mountain to pray, and when thus engaged His garments became white as the light and His face did

was one in which heavenly messengers were sent to confer with the Son of God concerning His sufferings and death in Jerusalem. It prepared Him to endure



MOUNT TABOR.

shine as the sun. "And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with Him."

It was an important event, because it

the unfathomable agonies which were before Him.

It is important as showing that the servants of the Almighty on the other

side of the veil are still interested in the kingdom of God on earth, and that their work for its furtherance is not interrupted by death, as the Christian world in later ages have imagined, until the great truth on this subject was again revealed through Joseph the Prophet.

It proves that even mortals are under some circumstances permitted to hold intercourse with persons from the vast beyond. Not only Jesus, but Peter, James and John, those three much favored disciples, beheld Moses and Elijah, and felt the celestial influence of their presence. What was possible for them, through the power of God, should not be considered impossible or even improbable when related of other servants of the Lord in our own age. For what is sacred history but a record of God's dealings with His people? And what was once, may clearly be again. Else there is absolutely nothing of practical value to learn of that history.

In the early days this event was preached as an important part of the gospel. For it was one of the proofs of the divinity of Christ. Peter, before his martyrdom, again reminds the Christians of it. He says: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His majesty. For He received from God, the Father, honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' And this voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with Him in the holy mount." A gospel containing revelations of the glory of heaven; with the audible voice of the Father;

with light from heaven and sensations of rapture — that was the gospel preached by Peter. And he solemnly declares in his matured age, when his judgment was well ripened, that what he had preached was no cunningly devised fables, but truth. Yet, that is what the same gospel preached in this age is said to be among men who, no doubt, think themselves wise.

Similar thoughts occupied my mind when on the 18th of February, 1889, I had the great privilege of visiting Mount Tabor and resting a few hours on the top among sacred memories and the most charming scenery. Together with my fellow-travelers I left Tiberias about six o'clock in the morning and reached the top of Tabor at half-past eleven. It was a wearisome ride. Tiberias lies 208 meters below the sea level, and Tabor 615 meters above. In six hours we had consequently made an ascent of 823 meters, on a road that for wretchedness, at that time of the year at least, defies description. Most of the time we had to follow a path, which might have been considered bad even by a goat. And the monotony of rocks and cobblestones was only relieved by deep mud holes.

But at last we reached our destination. Every difficulty was then forgotten. A well needed rest was taken. Friendly paters of the Roman church did all they could to refresh us bodily from their well stored pantries, and then really interesting conversation upon local topics was as much enjoyed as the hospitable tables. We had but one feeling on this lofty summit. It was the same as that expressed by Peter. "It is good for us to be here."

Among the ruins found on the mountains are some which are remnants of

fortifications. For Tabor is an important strategic point in the country. During the crusades bloody battles were fought round this place. It is probable that Mount Tabor again, during the coming last struggles in the Holy Land, will play an important part, for near it is the valley of Meggido—if the supposition is correct that with this valley is meant the Plain of Jesreel—which is pointed out by ancient prophets as the one where a decisive battle shall be fought in the last days. One of the prophecies relating to this event is given by John as follows: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of demons working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. * * * And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddo." (Rev. xvi., 13-16.) Which in plain words seems to mean that through the combination of political and religious powers (the beast and the false prophet) directed by the evil one (the dragon) the nations of the world shall be stirred up to a fearful war, the decisive battle of which is to take place at the Hill Megiddo. The revelator predicts this among the last calamities to take place in the present era, and intimates that the coming of the Savior in glory is at hand when that battle has been fought. He says: "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments," an injunction always timely, but particularly at that time, when the Saints are expected to join their Redeemer in a new dispensation.

J. M. Sjodahl.

NEW INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

New Applications of Electricity.

It appears that there are no limits to the application of electricity. Since the invention of the electric telegraph this mysterious power has been put to many other uses. Notable among these are the telephone, by which the voice can be carried long distances, and persons hundreds of miles from each other can converse as though they stood face to face; the electric motor for propelling vehicles and machinery of every description; also the electric light which to a great extent is supplanting gas and other substances as an illuminant. Besides these important and wonderful applications of electricity, this force is used in a variety of ways for signalling, for plating metals, and for other purposes not necessary to mention. Recently a process of tanning leather by aid of electricity has been discovered. By this new method the time required for tanning a quantity of raw hides is greatly reduced.

In the near future it is expected that heating and cooking by electricity will be so far perfected that it will be generally adopted. Concerning this new use of electricity the *Baltimore Manufacturer's Journal* has this to say:

"Electric heating is yet in its infancy, but it is safe to predict that it will thrive and grow with a rapidity which will surprise its most sanguine well wishers. In heating a home, can anything be more perfect than to have only to turn a switch and let the current do the rest? No fires to attend to, no chimneys to smoke, no dust blown about the room, the only visible sign being the heater, which if placed in the room would be neat and ornamental, or if placed beneath a register would be out of sight, the only exertion required being to turn a switch on or off as desired.

"While this alone is a feature which will commend the invisible current to the housewife, there is yet another which in her eyes is more important—its use in cooking. In order to secure the best results, each cooking utensil is constructed with the resistance or heating coil as a part of it; thus each is its own stove, so to speak, and may be placed at any convenient point where connection with the current can be had. All manner of cooking appliances, from the all-important coffee-pot down through the list of pots, skillets and broilers to the oven, are thus arranged, and once the connection is made and the current turned on, the operation of cooking proceeds without interruption. In the evening food could be placed in the proper utensils, these connected with the house wires, and by a proper arrangement the latter could be led to the bedroom. Then in the morning the mere turning of a switch would be sufficient to start the breakfast cooking.

"This sounds like a tale from the Arabian Nights rather than an existing fact, but it is a fact. As to the cost of heating or cooking by means of this agent, it is stated that the ordinary cooking utensil requires the same amount of current as a sixteen candle-power lamp. The oven consumes three times this amount, and a fair-sized house heater about five times as much. Taking the cost of one lamp at eighty cents per month, which represents about the average price, then each utensil, if used in cooking three meals a day, or ninety per month, would cost nine-tenths of a cent per meal. Assuming four cooking utensils and the oven to be required for each meal, the cost per meal would be six and three-tenths cents, or for ninety meals \$6.57 per month. For house-heating the average cost per heater per day would be about four and one-half cents, or \$1.35 per month, or presuming that four heaters are in use, the total fuel bill, including that required for cooking purposes, would be about \$12 per month. As against this cost must be considered the average coal bill, the repairs and the inconveniences attending the use of coal."

As a motive power it is evident that electricity is destined to come into almost universal use. Not that it will supersede steam or water power, for it must be understood that electricity is a means of transmitting energy produced by some other agency, and is not a power creating agency itself. For several years past the practicability of utilizing the water power of Niagara Falls has been a subject of consideration by eminent engineers of the country; and now the project is being carried out by a company organized for the purpose of utilizing a part of the mighty power of the falls to turn machinery. This enterprise is a great one—one of the greatest of modern times. The outlay for completing such a scheme is of course enormous, but it is expected that the results to be obtained will fully warrant the expenditure. The energy that will be obtained from this great natural source, although only a small fraction is to be secured, is estimated at over one hundred thousand horse power.

Another enterprise of a similar character is that of making use of the Shoshone Falls, in Idaho, as a motive power. The novelty of this project is to irrigate the land by using the power derived from the falls. By means of pumps run by electricity water will be lifted from the river at different points into canals, and thereby distributed upon the arid land, and thus reclaim it.

While dwelling upon the uses of electricity, it may be of interest to note that telephone communication has been effected between the cities of New York and Chicago, separated from each other by a distance of nine hundred and fifty miles. This is the longest telephone line in the world, and is so perfect that a whisper uttered at one end of the line

can be heard at the other end. It required nearly a million pounds of copper wire to make connection between the two cities. Nine dollars is the price charged for five minutes' conversation over the wires.

Miscellaneous Items.

THE skeleton of a reptile or sea-monster known as the whale-lizard was recently brought from Alaska to Seattle, Washington. The weight of the whole skeleton is 2400 pounds, and a single bone weighs 794 pounds. The whale-lizard is said to have been able to swim upon the surface of the water as well as to creep upon the land.

ON the tower of the Transportation Building in the World's Fair grounds is an electric search light, placed there to illuminate Jackson Park. The light on this tower is the most powerful one in the world, and is equal to 16,000,000 candle-power.

How the ancients set in place the huge stone obelisks and pillars to be found among the ruins of Thebes and other Egyptian cities has puzzled modern scientists for many years. The following paragraph suggests how the Egyptians probably accomplished these marvels of engineering skill:

"An unfinished obelisk in a quarry at Syene shows how the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. A groove marking the boundary of the stone contained a number of holes into which wooden wedges were firmly driven. The groove was then filled with water and the swelled wedges cracked the granite the whole length of the groove. The detached block was then pushed forward upon rollers made

from palm trees to a large timber raft on the edge of the Nile, where it remained until the next inundation or overflow of the river floated the raft to the city where the obelisk was to be set up. Thousands of hands then pushed it to rollers up an incline plane to the front of the temple where it was to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was gradually hoisted into an upright position. In no case has an obelisk been found to be out of the true perpendicular."

E. F. Parry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

ELDER THOMAS HALL, of St. George, Washington County, Utah, makes the accompanying statement relative to his early connection with the Church and what he remembers about the Prophet Joseph:

"I was born in Liverpool, England, on the 1st of September, 1816. I joined the Church in my native town on the 27th of March, 1840.

"At one of our fellowship meetings held at Bolton, England, in 1843, a sister prophesied by the gift of tongues that the time had come for me to gather to the body of the Church. Soon after a letter came to President Hedlock from the Prophet Joseph Smith with instructions to the effect that I should gather to the body of the Church, showing that the gift of tongues had by the sister at Bolton was of God, and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet. Part of the instructions in the prophet's letter to President Hedlock was for me

to take charge of three women and their children on their voyage to Nauvoo, their husbands having paid their passage to the Prophet Joseph.

"We left England in January, 1844, and landed at New Orleans on the 6th of March. The prophet's agent was sent to meet our company and instructed to try to borrow \$1400 from the company to pay for repairs that had been done on a steamboat belonging to the Prophet Joseph. We were not promised money in return for the loan, but land, stock, and the current pay of a new country. A Sister Bennett, now Sister Kay, let us have two hundred sovereigns (\$1000) on the terms offered. She told the names of others in the company whom she knew had money. Some loaned their money and others would not.

"When my wife and I some time ago visited Brother and Sister Kay at Ogden, Utah, the latter said in a joke: 'Brother Hall, I hold a note against you.' Then she said: 'No, Brother Hall, I got my pay, and could have had more. Brother Kay and I were talking about you yesterday and about those who lied to you. We knew them all, and we don't know of one who did not either die or leave the Church soon after landing at Nauvoo, while all who helped to redeem the prophet's boat have been greatly blessed.'

"We arrived at Nauvoo on the 11th of April, 1844. On the 12th of April I first met the Prophet Joseph Smith at his home, being introduced by his agent, Brother Hollister. I felt as if I had known him a long time, he was so kind and courteous. God had made known to me in various ways that he was a true prophet, and I could have risked my life in defending him. He gave me some kind, fatherly counsel; he also thanked me for fulfilling the

trust he had reposed in me in bringing the three families through safely on the voyage."

ELDER S. K. GIFFORD, in recounting some events that occurred in his experience in the early days of the Church, incidentally relates several things concerning the Prophet Joseph. Following is his narrative:

"I was born in the township of Milo, New York, November 11th, 1821. My father Alpheus was baptized in 1830. He visited Kirtland soon after the Saints located there. With his family he started for Jackson County, Mo., in the spring of 1832, worked his way to Cincinnati, Ohio, and went into winter quarters. He arrived in Independence in the spring of 1833, where myself and some of the rest of my father's family were baptized. We were driven from there in the fall of the same year.

"While in Clay County, where we took refuge, Sam Owens, and Niel Gillam and others made a practice of going from Jackson County and to Liberty to incite the people of Clay County to violence against the Saints. On one occasion while passing our place on their return home, about dusk, they were talking about what they were going to do to the Mormons, not knowing that anyone heard them. I said to those standing by, 'I hope they'll get drowned in crossing the river.' It was an unusual remark for me to make, and I did not know what prompted it. Sure enough, early in the morning the word came that Campbell, a bitter enemy, and others were drowned, and that Owens barely escaped. Campbell had predicted that if he did not kill the prophet the eagles should pick his bones. His own prediction and the wish I expressed were both fulfilled. His body was found on an island in the river some time

afterwards, and the birds had picked part of the flesh from his bones.

"We were finally driven into Caldwell County, where I first beheld the Prophet Joseph Smith. About the first time I saw him he had gathered the Saints around him in and around an open frame structure that was being built for a school house, in Far West. After the prophet had spoke to and encouraged the Saints, refreshments were partaken of by the whole congregation. It was truly a feast to me, as if dealt out by a Savior feeding the multitude.

"The first general military election was held near this same building, which resulted in the election of Lyman Wight as first colonel, George Morgan Hinkle as lieutenant-colonel, and Jefferson Hunt as major. After the election was over the men gathered around those elected and took them quite a distance to a platform, where each in turn made a speech. Lyman Wight delivered a very interesting speech. But, oh, for the speech of Hinkle the brave! He said it we ever got into trouble he would surely lead us out. I remember well how he fulfilled his promise, when he led the brethren into the jaws of death at the approach of the governor's troops. I remember how he betrayed the prophet into the hands of those who sought his life. Jefferson Hunt said he had no promises to make, and could not say what he might do. Honor to his name, and memory, he died true to his friends.

"I saw the chief corner-stone of the temple in Far West laid by the prophet and others on the 4th of July, 1838.

"One more circumstance and then I will stop. I had heard Brother Joseph say that he had placed the responsibility of bearing off the kingdom on the shoulders of the Twelve.

"After the death of the prophet I could think of no one but Brigham to take his place. I so expressed myself, and was censured by a member of the Church for entertaining such an idea."

ELDER DUDLEY LEAVITT, now living at Bunkerville, Lincoln County, Nev., was born the 31st of August, 1830, at Hatley, Lower Canada. His statement and testimony are given as follows:

"I first met the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland, to which place my father and mother moved from Canada. My parents being faithful in the Church, inspired me with profound respect for the prophet, which was deepened the more I saw of him and heard of his instructions to the people.

"My testimony is that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. Though I was but fourteen years old when he was martyred, I then felt I would very willingly have laid down my life for him, and have ever since felt my all is ready to be used in sustaining the divine work established by the Almighty through the instrumentality of His servant Joseph.

"One of my most vivid impressions respecting the prophet arose from a circumstance which occurred in my father's family. The night following our arrival in Kirtland from Canada some persons came and spoke to my parents censuring Joseph Smith, whom my parents had not yet seen. I heard my father declare if such things were true such a man could not be a prophet of God. My father afterwards appeared quite dejected. The next day, being Sunday, my father and mother and the older children attended divine service, and saw and heard the Prophet Joseph. On my father's return from meeting all his dejection had vanished, and I heard him declare Joseph Smith to be a prophet of the Most High God."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Catholic Church.

"WHEN is the Pope Infallible?" is the title of an article which appears in the *North American Review*, from the pen of an official of the Catholic church. He makes a statement in that article which would not escape the attention of Latter-day Saints. He says:

"All Catholic theologians agree in denying the existence of any new Catholic revelation after the times of the Apostles."

Of course, as Latter-day Saints we believe there have been no new Catholic revelations; but it certainly is a frank admission for that church to make, professing, as it does, to be the church of Christ. Yet he claims that the Pope is infallible, in this way:

"He has the supernatural *assistance* of the Holy Ghost, as head of the whole church, whenever he defines a doctrine belonging to faith or morals."

In this he is infallible, and is preserved, as this writer says, from error; and he adds:

"Hence the reader will easily understand that in Catholic theology an infallible Pope does not mean one gifted with inspiration or commissioned to reveal in the Catholic world new dogmas. * * * Infallibility is *only* an assistance, securing the Pope from the possibility of declaring error to be truth, and truth error."

Another statement he makes is:

"The especial assistance of the holy Ghost is given to the Pope for the *only* purpose of preserving, explaining and defining the revelation already made to and through the Apostles."

He states that an infallible Pope does not mean one who is sinless; or cannot sin.

"It cannot be said of him that he is one who can never err in his private

conversation or teachings, or who cannot make any mistake in politics, government, etc."

"Infallibility belongs to the Pope *only* in his final capacity as supreme teacher of the church, and *only* when in virtue of his apostolic power he defines a doctrine that belongs to faith or morals."

It is interesting to receive from a Catholic authority these definitions of the Pope's power and authority, and also concerning his infallibility. There are parts of these statements that Latter-day Saints can believe concerning the earthly head of their church; but there is much also that we would consider erroneous. It is not stated how the special "assistance" of the Holy Ghost is given to or received by the Pope: neither is it defined why he should have this special "assistance" at some times and for some purposes, and not have it as a gift. This writer expressly states that though the Pope is infallible in certain directions, it does not mean therefore that he is gifted with inspiration. This infallibility of the Pope, therefore, according to this showing, is only a transitory gift. In this respect the Roman Catholic church stands exactly in the same position with the rest of the world.

A church whose head is not inspired by the Lord through the Holy Ghost cannot be His church. It is destitute of the power which He bestowed upon His church when it was in its purity. The Holy Ghost, when possessed by man, reveals unto him the things of God, and those revelations are adapted to the changed conditions and circumstances in which the Church of Christ may be placed. This is the peculiar office of the Holy Ghost. On this point, however, this writer states expressly that the Pope is not commissioned to reveal to the Catholic world

anything new in dogmas or doctrines. But in the Church of Christ there is a fountain opened, so to speak, at which not only the head of the church may drink, but every individual member also in the church; and while the head of the church holds the keys by which revelation is obtained for the church as a whole, still every member has the privilege of receiving revelation also for himself, and through such means knowing that that which the head of the church teaches or is empowered to reveal does indeed come from the Almighty. It is this that makes every faithful member of the Church a witness of the truth, and it imparts a strength and unity which cannot be obtained in any other way. In the Roman Catholic church, as in all others, members of the church accept the teachings of those who are their pastors and their popes, because they look upon them as having the right and the authority to teach. But in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the members not only have this in their favor, but in addition they themselves have a testimony, through the Spirit, concerning that which is taught. This brings every individual member in close relationship, through the Holy Ghost, with the Father and the Son. There is no man to stand between his fellow-man and the Creator; but each has access to Him through the same gift or power that every other has. In this way and by this means man is uplifted, and all can stand upon the same plane, as the children of a common Parent, and all have direct communication with Him.

The Catholic Church is making great strides towards power. It must be noticeable to observing people that they are gaining wonderfully in strength and influence, especially in the United

States. The influence of the Catholic church in this country is very potent, and it is making itself felt in various directions. It is increasing in wealth and in numbers, and its political power is shrewdly managed. There is the best of opportunity for it to gain a commanding position in a Republic like ours, where votes count for so much with politicians.

The Catholic vote has become a very important factor in state and national elections. Politicians are conscious of this, and they take pains to do nothing to offend that vote. Mr. Blaine's defeat for the Presidency in 1884 is credited to the unwise utterance of Mr. Burchard in New York, when he spoke about "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." It is generally conceded that his allusion to Romanism was the cause of Mr. Blaine losing the comparatively few votes that were necessary to have given him the State of New York. By the loss of those few votes he lost New York, and losing New York, he lost his election for President. This of itself is sufficient to show how powerful is the influence of the Catholic vote.

It may be—and it is not at all improbable—that Pope Leo XIII fully realizes the advantages which his church has in countries where a Republican form of government prevails; for he has shown great favor towards Republicanism. Some of his advisers do not agree with him in this policy; but it is not too much to assume that he is far-sighted enough to perceive the advantages which his church has under a Republican form of government. He certainly has shown great interest in American affairs, and is very favorably disposed towards our form of government. * In no part of the world that we know of has his church had the success

that it has had in the United States. Here it has had a clear field for its operations. The government has thrown no obstacles or restraints in its way, and the organization of the Catholic church is so complete that, all other things being equal, it can hold its own against combined Protestantism. That church has learned a good many things by experience. It has learned to keep abreast of the times, and to keep pace with the onward progress which is being made in science. There is no advantage, therefore, which the Protestants have that is not equally in the possession of the Catholics; and when it comes to organization, there is nothing in the Protestant world that will compare with theirs; in fact, there is nothing in Christendom that I know of, excepting the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our organization is perfect, and if we maintained it as revealed to us, wonders could be effected through it—wonders far greater than any that have yet been accomplished; for we have not, it must be admitted, made our organization as thoroughly efficient as its perfection will admit of.

Waste places will be Reclaimed.

To those who are old enough to remember the condition of Salt Lake Valley when the Latter-day Saints first settled it, the changes which have since occurred must be a constant source of comment and wonder. A more out-of-the-way and remote place than this valley was at that time could not be found in the same latitude on the face of the globe. Those who came here in those early days seemed utterly lost to the sight of the world, and they disappeared from their notice. Some idea may be formed of this isolation when it

is remembered that Zachary Taylor was elected President of the United States in November, 1848, and the summer of 1849 was well advanced before the intelligence had reached Salt Lake City. Such a statement seems incredible in these days, when by means of the telegraph the people of Salt Lake are kept closely informed of every transaction of note which occurs throughout the length and breadth of the United States, within a few minutes after its occurrence. But the presence of man has a wonderful effect in changing conditions. Since our advent to this valley our surroundings have changed to a very wonderful extent. The knowledge of events that take place in the world come to us with lightning speed. The changes in the modes of travel are simply marvelous. A journey that was formerly looked upon as very formidable, and that would occupy months of travel, can now be performed in a few hours. Facilities of every kind have increased almost beyond the conception of former times. As population increases in Salt Lake Valley, lands which were deemed worthless in former days become very valuable. It is not too much to suppose that the alkali flats which were viewed as useless for cultivation may be reclaimed and be made beautiful. The necessities of man compel him to attempt and accomplish stupendous results—results which under other circumstances and when population is sparse it would be deemed folly to try to accomplish.

To go away from home for an illustration of the manner in which land is increased in value by the density of population, it can be found in the attempt which is now being made in Holland to reclaim what is called the Zuyder Zee. This was formerly a lake; but in the twelfth and thirteenth cen-

turies it was united with the North Sea by inundation. It is now a vast lagoon; it is almost useless for purposes of navigation. It is 760 square miles in extent. The Hollanders want more land.

Their country is too small for them, and it has been thought that this Zuyder Zee, if it could by any means be drained, might be converted into agricultural land and be productive, because it is estimated that more than two-thirds of it would be very fertile. A commission was appointed to determine whether this place can be drained. The commission has issued its report. It proposes to close the Zuyder Zee by means of a dam, that shall be constructed from the mainland, on either side, to a certain island called Wieringen. Then it is proposed that the water thus cut off from the sea be divided into four parts, in each of which the work of draining would be carried out successively. But think of the expense of such a vast enterprise!

It is estimated that the cost of building the dam would be eleven million dollars, and the draining would involve an expense of sixty-five million dollars. The mere mention of these vast sums of money shows how valuable land must be in that country to induce the people to even think of spending such an amount to reclaim land from the water with which it is covered. To us who live in a new land it appears astonishing that men will go to such an expense in doing many works which they perform; but as population increases, and with it wealth, grand projects are conceived and carried out, because the necessities of the people and the demands of commerce require them. It is in such countries and under such circumstances that the vast works of antiquity as well

as those of modern times have been accomplished.

The Editor.

FRITZ THE GRIPMAN.

A New Year's Story.

IT was my first detail. I had been lounging around the office of the daily *Bugle* for six weeks or more, hoping that some vacancy might occur, or some piece of extra work fall to my share, to enable me to prove my ability as a newspaper man. Looking back through a perspective of years of subsequent experience, it is my opinion that the city editor at length took pity on me. He called me to him one afternoon, when the office had been emptied of all the regular men, sent out in the regular way, through the medium of the detail book.

"Langley," he said, "I think you told me that you speak German."

It was true that I had mentioned this accomplishment, in recommending myself to his favor, and I cheerfully certified to the fact.

"There's an old fellow stopping at the Palace," he went on, "a German baron, who has been mysteriously haunting the Consulate for the past month, looking for a renegade son, as near as I can make out. I think likely there's a good story in him. To be candid, I sent Stewart over to the Palace yesterday morning to look after it. Unhappily he has not the gift of any tongue but his own. The old baron has learned his English from books. He is a choleric fellow, and came near braining Stewart in his efforts to make him understand. Wish you better luck. Get it in early, if there's anything in it."

I betook myself along Montgomery

Street at a gait that was a caution to pedestrians. Had any one recognized me as a member of the newspaper staff, he would have been sure that a desperate crime had been committed, and that I was straining every muscle to be first on the spot. The sight of the old baron calmed me. It would evidently require all the diplomacy I could muster to conduct the interview to a successful issue. He took my card, with the name of the paper penciled on it, and scowled at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"Die *Bugle*, die *Bugle*, eh? Ach, was fur ein naaren blatte ist dat? A young man from dat *Bugle* was here yesterday already. Ein Amerikaner wer can nicht English verstehen," and much more of the same tenor, which I suppress out of regard for Stewart's feelings.

I let him have full headway for some ten minutes, by which time he had so vented his spleen against the American press at large, and the *Bugle* in particular, that he was quite decent and courteous, and ready to answer my sympathetic inquiries regarding his missing son; but it would have puzzled a cadi of old to determine the young man's character from his father's statements.

"Ach, but Eduard was a fine fellow—his full name Eduard Friedrich von Eichbaum, late lieutenant in the service of his Imperial Majesty—brave, handsome, bold, a centaur in the saddle, a model of manners in society. And he had noble stuff in him. Witness his valorous deed at the siege of Metz, which had won him the highest distinction Prussia could give her heroes, the Order of the Iron Cross."

Never did father have such a son, the image of his dead mother. And how did it come that he had so mysteriously dis-

appeared? If he could only lay hands on the young scoundrel. To defy him, the father, head of the household, and the master, by divine prerogative, of all that he possessed. To have no respect for the proud past, the glorious traditions of the von Eichbaums. But he knew how to quell rebellion. Trust him for that. He himself was an old soldier: the evidence, his crippled limb; and no one had ever defied his authority with impunity. He had told Eduard he would none of it; that if he dared to disobey him he would disinherit him, renounce him forever. And the old baron, with a stormy expletive and a stormier sigh, paced the floor as fiercely as his lame leg would let him.

"Was there a woman in the case? Was there, indeed? It took but a glimpse of a pair of blue eyes and a braid of golden hair to turn a man's head. And by this time no doubt the two are starving, and I am glad of it. No money had the boy taken but a few hundred florins, inherited from his mother's little estate. And what business was it of mine? But, yes, it was true that his own wife had been a poor clergyman's daughter. And what reason was that for the boy to marry a peasant's daughter? And what could he do but starve in a strange country: he, a gentleman bred? Ach, but I would like to give him a caning!"

He listened attentively to my suggestion that newspaper men, who knew everybody and went everywhere, would be most valuable allies in his search. The occasion seemed ripe for a strategic stroke.

"And of course, Herr Baron, you realize the great assistance to be derived from a newspaper account, reciting all the details of this most painful affair. I will write it up at length for the *Bugle*."

He glared at me as if he would gladly have seen me torn limb from limb. But my sympathetic talk with him, and the fact that he had at last found a person of some intelligence who could understand his English, had tamed him. His refusal, firm and uncompromising, was couched in polite language.

The circumstances and causes which had led to this most distressing family estrangement were his own and not the public's. He wished to keep them as quiet as possible. That was why we had bound the Consul to secrecy, and had held aloof from the resident German colony. As a gentleman and a scholar he was sure I would appreciate his feelings.

There were tears in his eyes as he concluded, and my heart quite went out to him in his loneliness and loss. But before I took leave of him, I extracted the promise that if I should happily be instrumental in assisting him to recover his errant heir, I was to have exclusive rights to the story for newspaper purposes.

By good fortune, and in spite of the failure of my first detail, I found a regular place on the staff of the paper the following week. From time to time, as the duties of my profession would permit, I called upon the old baron, sometimes in answer to summons received from him, then the private detectives he employed brought him information that seemed to be of promise, sometimes to consult with him in regard to plans of his own, which were generally impractical in the highest degree. No one could have been acquainted with the old gentleman's experiences at this time without a feeling of compassion for him, in spite of his tempers and inconsistencies. He visited the morgue almost daily,

approaching the marble slabs with dread and horror, fearing to find upon one the last of his name and line. He went into the vilest slums of the city. He was a frequent visitor at the city prison. He left unexplored no place where a young foreigner, driven desperate by want, might have drifted.

I began to take an interest in the case, aside from my desire to complete my first detail, wondering, if by keeping my eyes open as I lounged about town, I might not succeed in learning something that would be of help to the old baron, for the clue he followed had mysteriously ended in San Francisco. So I kept the missing baron Eduard in mind, as I wandered around the water front, and questioned old sailors and longshoremen, and the commonplace people who come and go in a great city, and who are frequently richer sources of information than police or detectives, whose recognized business it is to know everything, and who are therefore at a greater disadvantage in learning it.

It was in pursuance of this plan that I applied to Fritz, the gripman on car 22, of the M—— Street cable line. Fritz always ran the last car in, and I had been one of his regular passengers for some time. Here was a man, recruited from the lower ranks, who was constantly traveling back and forth along a crowded thoroughfare, with all sorts of people, and who would be sure to take notice of a seedy young gentleman of his own nationality. Fritz was a big fellow, brown-bearded, phlegmatic, middle-aged. He listened carelessly as I confided the story to him, riding on the side seat of the dummy. I described the young fellow to him, as he appeared in a small mineature the baron carried: a lithe, boyish figure,

with a smiling face, curling light hair, merry brown eyes.

"So?" Fritz remarked, as I finished the story.

This word drawled out, with a rising inflexion is the most provoking expression in the German language.

It was evident that the sentimental side of the question did not appeal to him in the least. I resolved to approach him on more material grounds.

"Now, Fritz," I said bluntly, "how much does the company pay you?"

"Sixty dollars a month," he replied, with a pride that was pardonable in a man who had been reared as a poor peasant, and who in his own country could never have earned one-third that amount.

"It seems like a nice little sum, does it not?" I said patronizingly. "But listen to me, Fritz. If you can help me to find young von Eichbaum, I've no doubt the old baron would give you a round thousand. Think of that, man! Two thousand florins of good Prussian coin. Why, Fritz, you could go back to the old country, buy a farm, and be a nabob all the rest of your days. I'm not after money. All I want is the fun of getting a 'beat' on the other papers. You are welcome to the spoils. Try to think, if you can, where a penniless young German, a gentleman bred, would be likely to fetch up in San Francisco."

In the dim light of the street lamps I could see Fritz's lip curl. He understood English very well, and spoke with but a slight accent.

"The 'gentleman bred,'" he said, "are the most of them tending bar. San Francisco saloons bristle with decayed counts and barons and princes. I take no stock in them."

Plainly this gripman, sober, middle-aged man that he was, was a socialist with anarchist tendencies, like many of his rank. It surprised me, a few days later, when he made an appointment to meet me at a German coffee-house on Fourth Street. The visit was an unproductive one, for while everyone there spoke in the deep gutturals of the Fatherland, no blonde-moustached young fellow with a military bearing was anywhere to be seen. Fritz quite overwhelmed me by insisting upon paying our reckoning, with an air that would have done credit to one of the Four Hundred. But when I came to think over our little luncheon, any scruples I may have felt on this account were eased. He had kept me talking of the old baron all the time. His scheme was plain as daylight. The shrewd fellow had made up his mind to try for the reward, and had taken this means to possess himself of what information I had.

The subject was not referred to between us for many weeks. To own the truth, I was disgusted at the man's pretended indifference, and his sly way of taking up my proposition. The fall wore away, and the baron still lingered. I was continually meeting him in all sorts of unexpected places, and the sight of the old man was becoming a nightmare to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE gospel is wonderful. It teaches man to acknowledge himself vile, and even abominable, yet requires him at the same time to aspire to a resemblance of God. Were not things thus balanced, either such exaltation would inflate him with pride, or such debasement would drive him to despair.


... THE ...
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Flight of Time.

REQUENTLY do I hear the expression, "How rapidly time flies." As men grow in years it is said that time passes more quickly with them than with younger people. But it seems that in our days the young also are impressed with the flight of time. The reasons for this are doubtless that with us as a people events crowd so quickly upon each other the attention is drawn to them, and the passage of time is not noticed, it flies so quickly.

The Latter-day Saints do not lead a dull, monotonous existence. They are like actors in a great drama. Stupendous changes are taking place all around them, and they perform important parts on the stage of life.

It has ever been so with this Church from the beginning. We have not been permitted to stagnate. Our lives have been active, and the minds of the people have been continually engrossed in important events, in all of which they have been deeply interested.

Upwards of fifteen years have passed since the death of President Brigham Young. It seems scarcely possible that so many years have flown. What wonderful changes have occurred in that period! The Latter-day Saints have passed through a season of great trial, and, it may be said, tribulation. The people have been tested in ways unthought of. Changes have occurred

which were entirely unlooked for, and they have been surprising in their character. It is gratifying, however, to think that, speaking of the people as a whole, they have passed through these ordeals in so satisfactory a manner. The influence of the Church has not been diminished. The union of the people has not been seriously impaired. The love of the truth has not died out. The determination to keep the commandments of God has not apparently been weakened. And the Lord has shown His people that He is able to take care of His own work, to carry out His own purposes, and to fulfill His promises. Whatever weakness has been apparent it has not been in the work of God, but it has been confined to individuals. The testimonies of the servants of God have been amply sustained wherein they have said that whatever might occur, and however fiercely the work of God might be warred against, it would stand impregnable and unshaken, and would proceed in its onward march unchecked by the attacks that should be made upon it. This is, and ought to be, a great source of comfort to all who are connected with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. God has spoken. He has laid the foundation of His work. He has promised that it shall be built up, and that no power shall prevail against it. As one of the prophets has said, "What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it." This prediction is literally fulfilled in our case. We do put our trust in Zion, the Lord having founded it.

What other people upon the earth have had the exciting experiences that we have had? President Young, for years before his death, was the object

of continued attack. For awhile after his death there was comparative freedom from anything of a severe character, though threats were frequently made, and attempts to bring the people into trouble were unceasing. In 1884 they became so serious that many had to go into concealment. This condition of affairs continued for years. President Taylor himself died in exile, when the place of his residence and of his decease had to be concealed from the public. The property of the Church also was seized for the purpose of confiscation. There have been long periods during these years when to all human observation, outside of the members of the Church themselves, it seemed as though the days of the existence of our religion on the earth, or of our remaining an organized people, were numbered. The general feeling among non-Mormons was that the existence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as an organized community could not possibly be continued. To the credit of the faithful people, however, it is only just to say that in these dark hours there was very little wavering of their faith. They were animated by unshaken hope, and they relied with confidence on the promises which the Lord had made.

These tests of faith have a marked effect upon the character of the members of the Church. They learn to put their trust in the Lord. Experience gives them confidence. Having been delivered from so many perils in the past, their trust is strong in their Deliverer and in His ability to bring them safely through the peril that may, seemingly, be impending. It is this kind of experience that is having the effect to qualify them for the destiny that is before them. The Lord intends to have a people of His own, possessing the faith of the ancients

and enjoying the characteristics which are developed in the school of experience that He furnishes. It is inevitable, if the Latter-day Saints shall prove faithful to their religion, that they will become a people superior in every respect to every other people upon the face of the earth. It is not too much to say this, neither is it egotism, because God has revealed to them the truth. They have it in its purity, and in the course of time they will adopt that truth, in all its various branches, in their lives, and it will influence them and their generations in a way to bring about the grandest results.

A Disfellowshipped Elder.

A QUESTION is asked to this effect: Can an Elder officiate in another ward as an Elder in performing any of the ordinances which belong to the office of an Elder when he has been disfellowshipped in his own ward and his case is on appeal to the High Council?

It would be a very improper thing for a man in that position to officiate in any of the ordinances of the Melchisedek Priesthood, because he is not in good standing, and it is too sacred a matter for any man to act in the Priesthood unless he is fully authorized to do so. It would not be reasonable to expect that the Lord would bless anyone in acting in the Priesthood while in that condition.

ALL heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labor to do what I can.

IN EARLY DAYS.

Manti's Settlement.

THERE were two tribes of Indians occupying the Sanpete Valley at the time of its settlement by the whites. Perhaps it would be more just to say two families, for there really seemed no distinctive features, either of race, language or habits, only a difference in property.

The Sanpitches were the plebians, those unfortunates who had been unable either by "hook or crook", honestly or dishonestly to obtain a blanket, gun and saddle horse. His covering was made of rabbit skin, cut into narrow strips, so that there was no raw hide exposed but rather a fur rope. These were "woven" together, if the term be admissible, with deer sinew as a warp. They were very warm and serviceable, not aristocratic, but rather the badge of inferiority and low caste.

The Utes were the fellows with guns, blankets and horses, and they tyrannized over the Sanpitches to the verge of death sometimes. Could a Sanpitch, however, manage to get the coveted articles and take his place among the brawling braves of Walker's band, then he became one of the most merciless of the oppressors of his less fortunate brethren.

The Sanpitches wintered in the valley of Sanpete in the year of 1849, the first winter spent there by the little colony planted by President Brigham Young. These Indians were a meek and humble band, but as the warm weather came on apace and the snow began to melt, and there was a smell in the air of green things growing, these poor wretches began to show signs of great uneasiness.

Squads of Utes that had spent the winter further south began to arrive,

and it was no uncommon sight to see squaws, loaded with their tents, cooking utensils, etc., trudging along, the tears rolling down their faces, half a dozen "papooses" nearly naked running by their sides, making the best of their way to the foot hills, or some hiding place. When questioned they had but one word of explanation: "The Utes!"

About the 1st of July Walker with his entire force came into the valley and pitched his tents in a large semi-circle around the bluffs beneath which the whites had sought protection from the blasts of winter, and upon which the temple now stands.

This Walker was the famous war chief whose name became a terror to all Southern Utah in the Indian war that he inaugurated several years later. He was one of seven brothers, and was a fine specimen of physical manhood. His brothers were all powerful men, having much influence in the tribe.

They had just returned from a successful raid against the Shoshones, and were laden with scalps, plunder and prisoners. There were perhaps seven hundred of these warriors, flushed with pride and gorged with success, and the little settlement with all the precious hopes and sacred faith seemed only like condemned criminals awaiting the pleasure of the executioner.

The Indians had decided to hold their feasts and war dances in honor of their great victory at this place, and the helpless and horror-stricken settlers were obliged to witness scenes of revolting and savage cruelty, and which they were powerless to prevent.

The captives all had their heads shaved, and even for Indians were very scantily clothed. For the most part these captives were women and children, and at night by the red light of the

camp fires they were made to amuse their brutal captors in various ways.

One of their favorite entertainments was to string upon a pole the Shoshone scalps they had taken, painted inside to look as though still bleeding, and compel these poor squaws to bear aloft this terrible trophy, holding perhaps the scalps of those nearest and dearest to them, and sing and dance.

Sometimes the monotony of the song would be broken in a wild storm of grief, and sinking under the ghastly burden, they would writhe on the ground in agony of tears and sobs.

This human weakness in the eyes of their captors was the crowning touch of joy, and was always greeted with shouts of mirth.

They whipped and starved their captives by turns, and sometimes both together, until the tenderest-hearted woman in the settlement would have been glad to have learned some morning that Walker, in one of his savage moods, had killed them all; and thus put an end to their hopeless suffering.

One little captive will never be forgotten by those who saw him. Scarcely four years old, a mere baby, snatched from the arms of a squaw who attempted to escape with him from the Shoshone village; doubtless the squaw was his mother, and she was killed and scalped.

How he ever lived through the long march, walking barefoot, with barely one rag between his tender flesh and the keen mountain winds, it is hard to say; but he was gaunt and emaciated enough to make the heart of a mother sick unto death when he was first seen near the heaps of chips where logs had been hewn for putting up the rude houses of the settlers.

Walker had forbidden the whites to hold any communication with the cap-

tives, and although the children surreptitiously divided their scanty crusts with the poor little starving savage, they could all see that he grew weaker daily. Every evening he would come and build a little camp fire of the chips, all by himself, poor baby, and when the ground became heated he would carefully scrape away the fire and ashes and lie down upon the warm spot of earth to sleep.

One morning he was found dead, having endured his martyrdom like an Indian brave, without a tear or groan.

When the two weeks' feasting were over and they were preparing to break up their camp and go up into the mountains on a protracted hunt, Walker caused two stout log pens to be built, and went about with an evil smile on his face, evidently enjoying the plainly visible apprehension on the faces of many of his own people, as well as the captives, as there was nothing more uncertain than where the cruelty and hate of this savage chief would strike.

After everything was in readiness for departure six or eight of the oldest squaws of the Ute tribe were lassoed and dropped into the pens. They were too old for pack horses, and had become a burden, and this was the humane way devised by Walker for disposing of them. It was made the occasion of unbounded mirth to the entire tribe, as the despair and anguish of these women came from their lips in shrieks of terror and cries for mercy, laughing and shouting uproariously. Younger squaws applauded the conduct of their brutal lords, never seeming to remember that their time would assuredly come. After shutting these poor creatures up to die of thirst and hunger, Walker with a few parting threats as to what he would do in case the whites interfered,

betook himself to the mountains for the summer, and the settlers of Manti drew a long breath of relief.

But human beings shut up to die such a death was more than human nature could endure to look upon.

With great secrecy, lest it should bring trouble upon the weak settlement, some of the women carried them food and water, but their hearts seemed broken, and they perished miserably, and in a much shorter time than nature would reasonably succumb to privation. All night and all day their chant of death went on, growing weaker and weaker, one voice after another growing still until one morning there was silence, and the settlers knew that the Lord had heard their prayers and had mercy upon these doomed daughters of Laman.

It was in the midst of such horrors as these, of privation, discomfort, and an eternal war with the elements that the city of Manti was established. Within the tender mercies of such a creature as Walker, at the command of the servant of the living God, they took their wives and little ones and began the reclaiming of the spot where He designed a temple should stand.

COLUMBUS IN MARBLE.

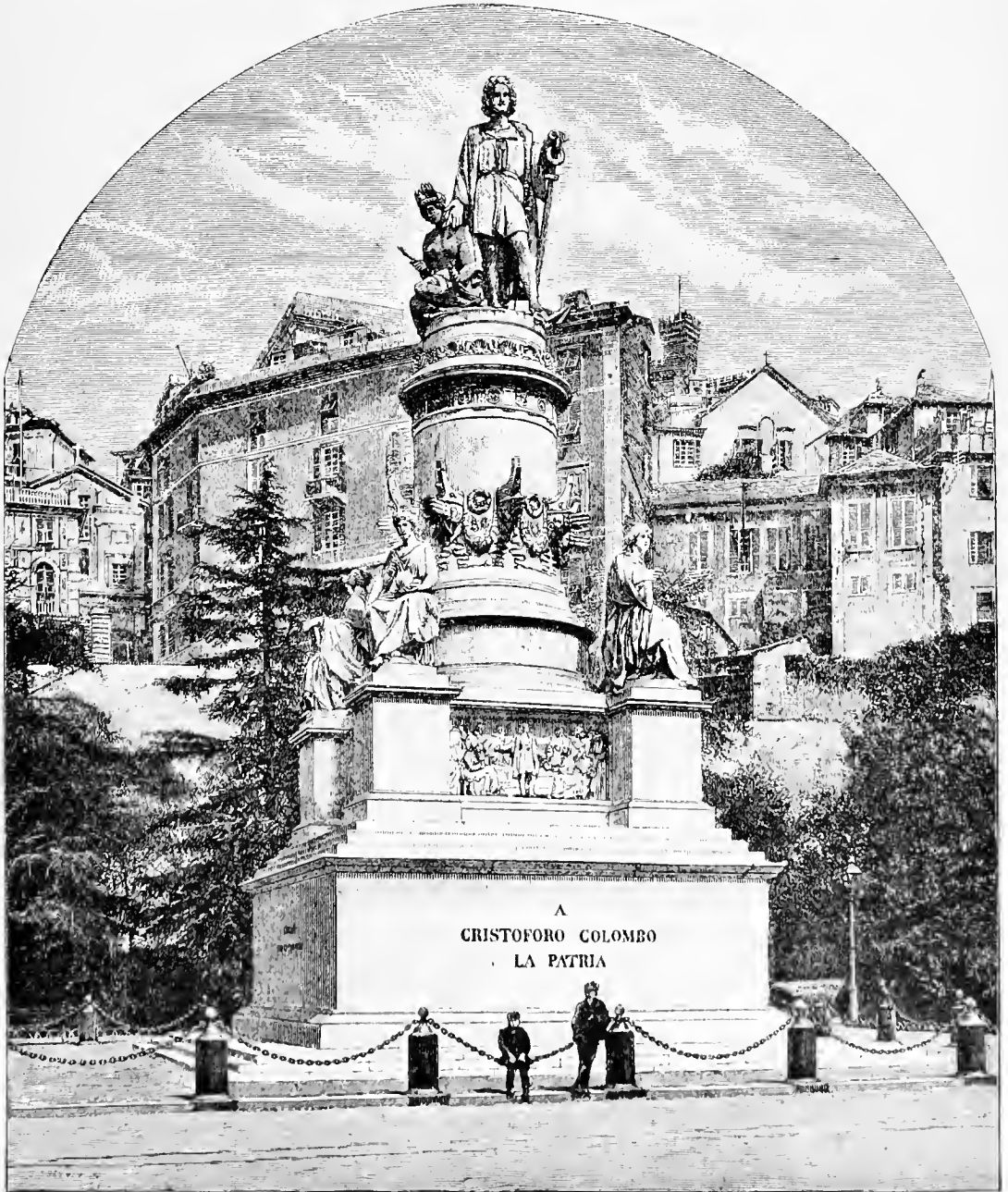
IN numerous articles which appeared in the last volume of the INSTRUCTOR, the career and achievements of Christopher Columbus, the Genoese discoverer of America, were fully set forth. Every attentive reader will be in a position, therefore, to answer any and all vital questions as to the life, experiences and death of him whose crowning achievement is to be commemorated in a World's Exposition, to be opened in May of this year at the great American

city of Chicago. You will of course understand that the date of the opening of the Exposition does not conform to the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery; for you have already been told that the date of the latter was October, 1492. It was deemed historically sufficient, however, that the dedicatory exercises of the Fair should take place on the actual anniversary, and that the following summer—a more propitious and agreeable season for such a display—should witness the Exposition proper. Hence the formal dedication and acceptance of the project by the government last fall, and the actual observance next summer of an event which, if historical accuracy had been sought, should have been commemorated several months ago.

You have been told of the trials and disappointments to which the navigator was subjected before he could induce a royal smile of favor for his enterprise. You have been told how after much delay and many discouragements he was at last permitted to attempt the demonstration of his theories. You have read how he reached the western lands, and returned in dazzling triumph to a court whose previous lukewarmness was succeeded by the most lavish bestowal of rewards and praise. You have not forgotten that royal favor afterwards grew cool, and that he was brought back from the lands he had discovered a prisoner and in chains; that though afterwards permitted again to brave the ocean's perils in search of new lands and a passage through to the East Indies, his star was declining, his race was run, and he returned unsuccessful and broken in spirit to Spain to die. And you will remember that even at the time of his death, although his bones were exhumed and re-interred

and carted about from one resting place to another, the world was a long time in ignorance of the real value of his discovery and a still longer time in yielding him the credit that was his due.

What if the bold Northman, Leif, son of Erik the Red, had sailed westward nearly five hundred years before from his rigorous home under the Arctic circle and discovered and settled the



THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN GENOA.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

countries of Markland and Vineland, now believed to be the north-eastern shores of North America? What if John of Kolno, a Polish mariner acting under the patronage of the Danish King Christian I., was successful in 1476 in reaching Labrador and entering the straits afterwards to bear the name of Hendrik Hudson? What if other navigators—and there are legends of many of them—preceded the Genoese and his hardy companions who set sail in their three tiny caravels from the little port of Palos? Had history in his time preserved any record of such discoveries? Did the world know anything about them? Had the channel of communication been kept open, any permanent connection been established, any results been accomplished?

If these questions are answered in the negative, as they certainly must be, Columbus is deserving of all the praise he has received as the real discoverer of the new world, and is entitled to grateful remembrance by every native or adopted American citizen. Had the world never learned more concerning the West than the Scandinavian and the Pole imparted, America would not have been in the family of nations today and at its head in civilization, advancement and enterprise. There would have been no war of the Revolution, no United States, no Chicago, no Columbian Exposition. Those who begrudge him the honor that is now being paid him are therefore either very short sighted or very unjust. His was the discovery that made possible the history of the world as we read it; his the discovery that the world of today ought to be grateful for and is grateful for, as manifested in the honor shown his memory at every mention of his name.

When we think of these things we can

only wonder that when Columbus died he should have apparently caused no gap whatever in the commercial or political world of his day. No man of his century had made a record fraught with so much importance to the present and the future as his; yet he was scarcely missed when he gave up his spirit, surrounded by his true friends, the Franciscan monks, at Valladolid. Spanish geographies and books on the "unknown lands" published two years after his death spoke carelessly of him as being still alive and a parasite of the court. It was not until some time afterwards that the monument at Seville, alluded to in a late number of last volume, was reared to his memory. The glamor attending his first return from the "Indies" was all dispelled as subsequent voyages failed to disclose the fabled wealth that had been expected. But if others had been disappointed in these particulars, he had himself been most thoroughly deluded in other respects. His death saved him from a stroke of fate that doubtless would have seemed more cruel than Bobadilla's chains. He carried to his grave the belief that Cuba was a province of China or Cathay, that Hayti was the gold-island Japan or Cipangu, that instead of a hemisphere of water there was only a narrow strip of land between the Caribbean Sea and the Bay of Bengal, and that therefore the earth was nothing like so large a sphere as was commonly believed. He died in blissful ignorance that he had discovered an entirely new hemisphere, and would have been dismayed doubtless had he learned that the object of his search, the golden Indies, was thousands of miles still distant. When his earlier successors discovered the truth, they, too, were disappointed, and it is probably this

which caused the tardiness in honoring his memory. The Spaniards of that day were not seeking lands—they wanted the gold, the gums and spices, the costly gems and fabrics of the far East. Only when later explorers found that in the new world which Columbus had discovered were there the spices, dyes, fruits, slaves and precious metals to furnish a productive commerce, did the mother country begin to esteem the genius of the mendicant stranger; and only after the conquering raids of Pizarro and Cortez—the one shipping home the wealth of the Incas and the other that of the Montezumas—did Spain who had befriended, and Italy who had given birth to, the discoverer realize the full value of his work.

Such is the perversity of human nature that in the days following his death, the days when his memory was in danger of being forgotten and when he needed monuments to keep it green, none were builded: but that now, when his name and fame are sure to outlast either bronze or marble, there are columns, statues, arches and tablets to tell the story of his great work. These are to be seen in Cuba, Mexico and Colombia, in New York and Chicago, in Madrid and Seville, in Barcelona and Genoa, his birthplace. The famous monument at Genoa is represented in the picture accompanying this article, and it is one of the finest and most massive of its class. Standing on the huge cylindrical pedestal, which is decorated with ships' prows, is the discoverer himself, his hand on an anchor, and at his feet, half kneeling and half sitting, is an allegorical figure of America in the act of adoring a crucifix. At the corners of the quadrangular pedestal are four allegorical figures of Religion, Science, Strength and Wis-

dom: and the bas-reliefs on the sides represent scenes from the navigator's life. The one we see depicts the council of Salamanca; on the other sides are (1) Columbus taking possession of the New World, (2) Reception at Court on his return, and (3) Columbus in chains. The dedication translated reads: "The Nation to Christopher Columbus." The monument was begun in 1846, and was completed and formally dedicated in 1862.

MY TESTIMONY.

On the 5th day of November, 1891, while working on the farm with three of my brothers, a feeling of sadness came over me. I had been absent from home for two years, and had but recently returned. I was thinking of my past life and of the way in which I had often neglected my prayers, the payment of my tithing and other duties which a Latter-day Saint should faithfully perform. I was endeavoring to make up my mind to do better in every way and to serve the Lord faithfully.

Just then a doubt seemed to be whispered to my soul as to whether or not the gospel was true. An influence also took possession of me which made me think I was going to die. This feeling continued for several days, increasing in intensity, until one night I determined to pray earnestly to the Lord to remove this feeling from me. After doing so, I retired to rest with one of my brothers, but I was so despondent and sad that I requested my brother to arise and join me in prayer. He did so, when we again went to bed: but I could not go to sleep.

Presently I heard a voice and saw a light which seemed to fill the room, but I could see [no] personage. The voice

asked me why I doubted the truth of the gospel, and made many inquiries concerning my life. I was also told many things concerning the gospel in so plain and simple a manner that I could not help but comprehend them and believe in what I heard. Every shadow of doubt concerning the truth vanished from my mind, and I was promised that if I would live my religion, performing all the duties which were required of me as a Latter-day Saint, that I should live until I was fully satisfied with life.

The feeling of joy and peace which filled my soul it is impossible for me to describe. Tears coursed down my cheeks, and such an indescribable calm and sacred influence took possession of me that my joy was unbounded. I aroused my brother and bore testimony to him of the truth of the gospel, and told him that whatever might happen to me in the future he must accept my present statement as true; that I knew the gospel, of which I now had no doubt, was the revealed truth of God. This testimony is still my own, and I hope never to do anything to cause it to become dim in my heart.

George Alma Atkin.

THE FAITH OF STRANGERS.

ELDER HUGH J. CANNON, who recently returned from a mission to Germany, relates that during the cholera scourge which afflicted the city of Hamburg so terribly, he frequently saw the dead wagons carrying out those who had died with this disease. A panic seized many people, and they were in constant fear for their lives.

He tells a peculiar instance of how people not of our church had faith in the protecting influence which sur-

rounds our people: An old lady who had joined the church was living with a family, who had not received the gospel, in a part of the city which was most afflicted with the cholera. The family frequently heard her praying to the Lord to protect that house and its inmates from the effects of this scourge, and they all seemed to have faith that her prayers would be answered. One day the lady of the house and this sister had a little dispute about some trivial matter, and the sister decided to leave that house the next day and find another boarding place. Immediately on the family hearing of her determination they resolved that she should not go, and said they would rather keep her for nothing than to have her leave their house while the cholera was raging. They seemed to feel that God would favor her and them through her if she would remain in their home. She remained and the destroyer did not enter the home.

During the prevalence of this disease it so happened that some of the Saints were under the necessity of waiting upon those who were afflicted, and it occurred several times that while our brethren and sisters were working with those who were attacked, that those who did not belong to the church would fall down dead while at their work from the effects of this disease; but, remarkable to relate, there is not a single instance of our people in that city, though they were often exposed to the disease, who succumbed to it.

Do not these instances prove that God favors His people, and do they not encourage us to believe that when the overflowing scourges of which the prophets have spoken come upon the earth, that God will preserve those who are faithful? We think they indicate

that this is the case, and we believe that more people in the world than those who now believe will think that God exerts a special providence over His Saints in times of trouble.

A TEMPTATION.

A New Year's Story.

SISTER LARSEN had stood faithful in the Church quite a number of years, and now she was going to Zion. An old friend, whom she thought had long since forgotten her, had sent her money for the emigration of herself and daughter.

They were both busy packing their trunks, for tomorrow the company was going, when there was a knock at the door, and Elsie, the daughter, bade the visitor enter. It was a young girl of Elsie's age, and the two girls flew into each other's arms.

"I thought I should catch you before you went off, you naughty girl," said the visitor, kissing Elsie affectionately. "And you would really have gone without as much as saying good-by, would you?"

Elsie hung her head and said she didn't think the other cared any more about her since she had become a "Mormon."

"And so you are really a Mormon now? Well, well! However, that doesn't make any difference to me. I have always liked you, and am your friend, although I can't see what in the world has attracted you so much in that queer denomination. But, dear me, I didn't come to discuss Mormonism with you; I have come to invite you to a dance tonight, Elsie. What do you say?"

Elsie looked beseechingly at her mother, who shook her head.

"You might let me go tonight, mother: it will be my last dance in Denmark. I didn't go to any all last winter, nor this summer: I am sure you might let me." And although her mother did not like it, she teased so long, and her friend Sigrid joined in with her, till at length her mother gave way and promised to let her go.

Elsie had not belonged to the Church more than eighteen months or so. Previous to that time she had been engaged to a young man whom her mother did not consider a very desirable husband for her daughter, as he was somewhat addicted to strong drink. So Elsie had broken off the engagement at her mother's wish, and shortly after had joined the Church of her own free will. She was a nice young girl, not particularly pretty, but well behaved, and was a general favorite everywhere. She had become acquainted with Sigrid Halsted at school, and they had ever been warm friends. Sigrid was clerking in a baker's shop, and her brother had arranged a dance for the night in their home. There were only to be a few of their very best friends, and a nice time was expected. Sigrid had no time to tell who had been invited, as she was in a hurry to get back to the store, but promised to call for Elsie at seven.

Elsie went, and the first person she saw was her old lover, whom she had not met for a year. She enjoyed herself very much. They had supper at ten and tea at twelve. At two they dispersed, and Emil Holm took Elsie home. Sister Larsen noticed that Elsie looked pale and cried a good deal next day, but she thought it was her sorrow at leaving Sigrid. Her trunk was taken down with her mother's, and she seemed much agitated, a thing her mother did not understand. It was time to go on

board, and Elsie went in company with the rest of the Saints that were going. But after a few minutes she bethought herself that she wanted to get some peppermint drops, "in case of seasickness," she said, and going up to her mother she kissed her and said, "I'll be with you again as soon as I can." She flew off before Sister Larsen had time to think about her strange behavior. The bell rang the third time, and still Elsie did not come back. Her mother thought, however, she saw her coming now as fast as she could, and turned to talk to someone at her side. The bridge was pulled on board, the big wheels began to splash the water noisily, and the ship was moving slowly from land. Then Sister Larsen looked about for her daughter, and finding that she had not come she broke down with sorrow. Just then one of the sailors gave the Elder who had charge of the company a note which he said had been given him by a young girl half an hour before, with the request that he would give it to the Elder after the ship should have started to sail. It was from Elsie, and told briefly that she had preferred to stay in Denmark and marry Emil Holm; but she would come after her mother when she had convinced him that Mormonism was true.

The poor, foolish girl had arranged this with her lover the night before, without counting the cost of her folly. Elsie knew that this young man was a drunkard; but he had assured her that she was his good angel; that she could lead him, and if she would consent to be his wife he would never taste another drop. She believed him. Elsie of course found a refuge in Sigrid's home, and a couple of weeks later she was married.

* * * * *

It was the last day in the old year. In a back street in Copenhagen, way up in a garret, lived a poor widow with her five little, half-starved children, the youngest of which was three years; then there were a pair of twin girls of five, another girl of ten and a boy of fourteen. The boy's name was Thorvald. He was very pale, and small for his age but he was a good boy, and a good deal more sensible than boys at that age generally are. He was his mother's comfort, and helped in a small way to support his little sisters by brushing the shoes every morning and running errands for a family, who kept no servant, and who were rather poor themselves.

The widow was no other than Elsie, the young girl who left her mother and the Church fifteen years before and linked her life to that of a worthless man, who after thirteen years of incessant drinking at last succumbed to its evil effects and died.

Elsie had had plenty of time to repent her wrong step, and she had done so thousands of times; but that did not mend matters. In the beginning of their married life she had tried to get her husband to go to meeting with her, but he never did. When he found that she had gone once or twice he abused her, thus she lost courage and remained at home. Soon she also neglected her prayers, thinking that the Lord surely did not want to have anything to do with one who had behaved so badly. After she had children of her own how often she thought of her poor mother, whom she had so basely deceived! She had written and implored her mother's forgiveness, and told her that her sin had found her out, she was punished severely for her wrong by the man she had married. As her children grew old enough she often thought of sending

them to Sunday school with the Mermons; but she kept putting it off till she could get them some decent clothes, and that never happened while her husband lived. It was not till within the last year that she had been able to send them. She also went to meeting again pretty regularly. She taught her children to pray, and spoke to Thorvald and her eldest girl, Dagmar, about the necessity of following the example of the Lord and be baptized. She had not dared to talk to her children of these things while her husband lived, and it was rather a relief when he died; it left her one less to support.

But Elsie was poor, very, very poor. She was not strong, and the only kind of work she had been able to get all summer, and so much of the winter as was gone, was three or four places where she cleaned the steps on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and one steady place where she worked three hours every morning doing the morning's work for an elderly lady. But now she had been sick and unable to go out at all for three weeks, so that what little she had saved for the coming holidays and next month's house rent had been spent in the bare necessities of life.

The day before New Year's she had hoped to be able to get something to do at her old places, but they had all taken someone else, and she was not wanted. Before Thorvald went to his work that morning they had prayers, as usual, and afterwards he had gone out on the dark stairway and prayed the Lord earnestly to open the way for them that they might not starve. Then he had cheerfully gone to work. He knew he would get his month's pay today, and that would pay the house rent, and perhaps the good lady of the house would give him something extra, as it was New

Year's eve; she had given him nothing for Christmas, but perhaps would tonight.

While he was gone the landlady came to see about the rent, whether Mrs. Holm would be able to pay it today; if not they would have to move, as she could get another tenant, who was better able to pay, and who would even pay a little more if she asked it. "So now, Mrs. Holm, you must try and have the rent tomorrow, or you must move during the week." Elsie said she did not know where she could move, but she would try and have the five crowns tonight. Her boy's wages would amount to that, but then they would have nothing to live on—she had nothing but half a loaf of bread. The landlady shrugged her shoulders and said that was her own "look out," and went away.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

Do not tease the tiny tots. The other day, I saw a group, of boys and girls about a little four-year-old darling. They were quizzing her just to see the pretty face flush and the bright eyes flash. When she would answer "yes," they would contradict her. "But I say yes," said Miss Totty. "I say no," said the big girl. "I say yes," persisted Totty, more decidedly. "And I say no," laughed the other, and the little one was worked up to the verge of tears. Then the unwise and tardily repentant sister gathered her in her arms and told her she was a precious darling and should not be teased. In two or three years those big boys and girls will be wondering why Totty cannot be as sweet and lovable as she used to be.

SIN is an opiate for a diseased conscience, but cure there is none—not even death.

For Our Little Folks.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

IN No. 13 of Vol. 27 of the INSTRUCTOR an offer of prizes was made for the three best stories suitable for "Our Little Folks" department of this paper, written by boys or girls under the age of 16 years. The time allowed for this competition ended with the year 1892. Following are the names of those who have been awarded the prizes offered:

Olive Della Moffett, Colonia Pacheco, Chihuahua, Mexico, first prize, copy of L. D. S. Hymn Book, bound in morocco, gilt edge, with clasp.

Peter M. Iversen, Littlefield, Arizona, second prize, copy of the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, cloth binding.

Maggie Barney, Deseret, Millard County, Utah, third prize, History of the Waldenses, cloth binding.

Several others who competed for the prizes sent in stories that were very creditable, and their names are deserving of honorable mention. These are: Willard G. Richards, Salt Lake City; Sarah Christensen, Richfield; Le Claire McDonald, St. George; Mary A. Ward, Elba, Idaho; Millie Curtis, Springville; May Ricks, Logan; Leonora E. Gardner, Pine Valley; Cynthia L. Beecher, Elba, Idaho; Rhoda A. Gardner, Pine Valley.

At the commencement of the year 1892 we offered prizes for pencil drawings, and extended the time to the end of the year. Our young friends who have a taste for drawing seem to have overlooked this offer. We received but two or three drawings during the year, and therefore do not feel justified in awarding prizes.

MORE PRIZES OFFERED.

MUCH interest has been taken for our young friends in writing stories for the JUVENILE, and also in reading the stories that have been published. To encourage the boys and girls who read this magazine to write true stories or incidents that have come under their observation, we make another offer of prizes.

For the best story written by a boy or girl under sixteen years of age we will give as first prize "Life of President John Taylor," bound in leather and cloth; for the second best story we offer a copy of "Story of the Book of Mormon," cloth binding; and for the next best a copy of the work "From Kirtland to Salt Lake," cloth binding.

We invite all our young readers to compete for these prizes. All stories worthy of publication will appear in the INSTRUCTOR whether they receive a prize or not. Stories may be sent to us any time between now and the first day of June next. Stories must be original, not copied from books. They should contain some anecdote or incident, or description of something in nature or art. We do not want essays on such subjects as obedience, order, good manners, industry, etc., but if incidents which illustrate these and similar principles can be found they will be very acceptable.

We desire to encourage our boys and girls to take notice of what they see about them, and to learn to describe what they observe in a way that can be understood.

Our young friends can find plenty of subjects to write about by exercising their thinking powers. There may be some peculiarity they have observed in the habits of some animal, bird or insect, or some peculiarity of plant life they have noticed; some incident may

have happened in school, on the play ground, at home, or on a journey or ramble that is worthy of notice. You may be acquainted with some remarkable case of healing by the power of God, or you may have been told of something in the experience of your parents or other relatives that you think is interesting to write about. There may be some point of interest about that part of the country in which you live. Anything that is true and suitable to relate to others will be acceptable if told in a pleasing way.

CHILDREN IN GERMANY.

THINKING a few lines regarding the mode of living in Germany would be of interest to some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I will attempt to write a short account on the subject.

There is a great deal of difference between the way the children live in this country and the way they live in Germany. When a child gets to be six or seven years old, it is compelled by law to start to school. The schools there begin at seven o'clock in the morning instead of nine, as they do here, so that the little boys and girls are obliged to get up quite early. Another difference between the schools there and here is that there the schools are kept open on Saturdays as well as through the week; but, as they have more legal holidays than we do, the children get a rest once in a while. The schools there are very good, and when the children leave them at the age of fourteen years they have a pretty good education. It is very interesting to see them going along the streets. Many of them wear wooden shoes the whole time, even to school; and a crowd of children with their wooden

shoes on the paved streets can make a great deal of noise.

Among the poorer classes in that country, the children live almost entirely on black bread and coffee, a piece of meat being something which they very seldom get. But though there is so much poverty, the children are happy and contented. They have their games just as the children do here, and, having known nothing better, they cannot understand how they could be any better off than they are. In seeing them, I have often thought of the difference between them and those of the same age here in Utah, and I have wondered if we are as thankful as we should be for the comfortable homes which we have and for all the blessings which the Lord has bestowed upon us. It is true that we do not appreciate or understand these blessings until they have been taken from us, or until we see how poor some other people are; but I am sure if the children here could see and understand how much they have to be thankful for, they would seek more earnestly to be worthy of all these blessings.

H. J. C.

KINDNESS.

I HAVE been reading the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and found it interesting to me. I thought I would write something for our young folks.

Kindness is a good motto, if all would think of it. Boys and girls, when you see any aged persons help them if you can, and if they are in need of help do not point your finger at them or make fun of them.

You know kindness makes friends. If you are kind to everybody people will love you. If your brother or sister

speaks kindly to you, speak kindly back. They will think more of you than they would if you were to scold them. When people speak to you unkindly you should answer them kindly. In this way you will cause them to be more pleasant and agreeable towards you in the future. If we are kind to all the Lord will bless us, and we will have many pleasures and joys in life.

Angelina Smith. Age 11.

SPANISH FORK.

LITTLE HERO.

My dear little children, I will tell you of a little hero that I chance to know, having also been an eye-witness to many little acts of heroism performed by him. There are many little heroes and heroines among our dear little Latter-day Saint children, and how we all love to read of their many good deeds!

The name of this particular bright little boy is Wilford Rynearson. One hot, sultry day a sister and myself started out heavily laden to walk a distance of a little over a mile to attend a conference. This may seem but a short distance to some of you little readers who live in towns where there are nice streets and smooth walks, but ours was not so pleasant, being a rough, country road.

When we had gone but a short distance we came across little Wilford, and having a keen eye and a very active mind he soon took in the situation and gallantly came forward and said:

"Mrs. P—, please let me carry your baby."

The lady gladly complied, and soon the little fellow was manfully trudging along with his little burden. The lady asked him several times if she should

take the baby. The reply he gave with a bright smile was always "No, thanks; I am not tired."

Now this, little friends, may seem but a simple little incident to some of you, but to me it is a sweet little lesson, teaching true manliness and courtesy. It grieves me to know of a few little boys and girls that would think an act like this degrading.

Little Wilford's parents are also teaching him to be industrious. Each year they give him a small patch of ground to cultivate. Whatever means he makes he is to spend as he likes, as the seed of economy has already been instilled within his young mind.

The first year he did not succeed as well as he would have liked, but he steadily persevered, and one year he was able to purchase him a suit of clothes.

His father promised him a larger piece of ground next year, but told him if he did not keep it clear of weeds he would charge him up with the ground. This makes little Wilford's eyes dance, as if promising himself to save his father the trouble.

I fancy I hear some bright little fellow exclaim, "I wonder what he plants in his little garden!" I will tell you: radishes, cabbage, onions and peas. When the last-mentioned are large enough he picks and sells them for seventy-five cents to one dollar a bushel. When they get too hard for table use he leaves them to ripen, as he can then sell them, when shelled, from four to five dollars a bushel, always taking care to save seeds for the next year.

May God bless all the children in Zion, is the prayer of

Ida Haag.

WOODLAND, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

SOME QUEER DIRECTIONS.

At the Portland Post-office a letter was mailed directed to "Brass Door," Cape Breton. It was sent to the French town of "Brass d'or," C. B., and a letter addressed "g. big" reached Chebeague. A paper with a printed label addressed to "Samuel O. Nichols. Nowhere, N. H.," was received at the No Weare Post-office last week. On the wrapper was written "Do you know Sam? Try No Weare." Postmaster Simons knew "Sam," and the paper was placed in the proper box.

I WONDER!

I WONDER if there would be less work to do if Edward should hang up his hat instead of leaving it for Mary? If Mary should carry her shawl to the carriage instead of asking Edward to step back for it? If Anna would bring her book downstairs instead of asking Alice to turn back to get it? If, when Lucy left

the piano, she had shut it instead of mother's having to do it when bedtime came? If Alfred always closed the door after him instead of his wife's having to get up? I remember how willing we are to do these little things for each other—but—I—just wonder!

WHAT A GIRL SHOULD LEARN.

To sew; to cook; to be gentle; to value time; to dress neatly; to keep a secret; to be self-reliant; to avoid idleness; to mind a baby; to darn stockings; to respect old age; to make good bread; to keep a house tidy; to control her temper; to be above gossiping; to make a home happy; to take care of the sick; to marry a man for his worth; to be a helpmate to a husband; to take plenty of active exercise; to see a mouse without screaming; to read some books besides novels; to be light hearted and fleet footed; to wear shoes that won't cramp the feet; to be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY IS THE SIGHT!

Song for Little Folks.

WORDS FROM PRIMARY HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY MINNIE E. OWENS.

1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In
 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part, When
 3. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream Thro' ev'-ry bo-som flow; And
 4. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove; And

one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And thus ful-fill His word!
 sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 un-ion sweet, and dear es-teem In ev'-ry ac-tion glow.
 he an heir of heav'n who finds His bo-som glow with love.

IT IS THE SABBATH DAY.

WORDS AND MELODY BY C. DENNEY.

ARRANGED BY H. A. TUCKETT.

1. It is the Sabbath day, The Lord's own day; What joy and peace and bliss we feel; While
 2. It is the Sabbath day; How blest are they Who meet with us in Sunday School, Where
 2. It is the Sabbath day; We humbly pray For light and wis - dom, truth and love, To

from our hearts a - rise To Him who rules the skies, The gra-titude which o'er our senses steal.
 teachers kind-ly greet The scholars here they meet, And each one tries to keep the golden rule.
 guide us on our way While here on earth we stay, Then lead us to the heav'nly courts a-bove.

GATHERING.

Zion! loved mountain home: What longing tender
 Draw thy children to thy vales heaven blest!
 From all lands—from the isles of the ocean
 Where Israel's scattered hosts found shelter and rest,
 When in a dark sad day self-exiled by sin
 They sought for a refuge from foes who oppressed.

Though ages have passed, God ever loving
 Remembers them, still for their fathers' blest sake
 And sends them the gift of His pardoning love.
 The blessings of heaven for them to partake;
 He gathers them home to establish His kingdom
 Before whose power all nations shall shake.

His anointed go forth in the power of His love
 As mighty "hunters and fishers of men."
 The elect hear His voice give heed to his word
 And back to the fold are gathered again.
 While those who reject the heaven-sent message
 Yield themselves captive to sin's galling chain.

In vain may proud scoffers impiously strive
 With man's puny wisdom 'gainst Jehovah's decree,
 Though the powers of earth and of hell unite
 Naught will avail their blind enmity:
 The gospel's revealed in power and might
 And with it the dawn of the world's Jubilee

The consummation's decreed, the set time's at hand
 The warning goes forth unto every soul.
 In vain may the children of darkness oppose
 The glorious truth ever onward shall roll
 Till in triumph the Saints with Messiah shall reign
 His dominion extend from pole unto pole.

M. E. P.

MUSINGS.

ONE summer eve, when all was sweet and gay,
 I sought repose, to drive dull care away;
 The place I chose was by thy briny tide
 Where waste of waters stretching far and wide
 Awoke my listless thought to muse on God
 And all the wonders of His works bestowed.
 What words could tell the solace of that hour
 As there I pondered on the wondrous pow'r
 Of Him who rules the ocean, earth and sky
 And fixed their bounds His name to glorify.
 While thus I mused, the tidal ebb and flow
 Reminded me of scenes that come and go
 And of the millions who are wrecked and lost
 Among the rocks that line life's stormy coast;
 The crested billows, as they fell and rose
 Did to my mind the trend of life disclose—
 Its ups and downs, its joys, adversity
 That high and low alike are born to see;
 The steady moan, borne from the distant wave,
 The gentle ripple that the sands did lave
 Where symbols of emotions in the breast
 With joy elated or with grief oppressed;
 The varied craft that elude the water's wide,
 Wafted by winds that favored or defied,
 Was life's reflex in graphic numbers given
 When man, by circumstance, is cuffed and driven.
 Some reach the haven of their fond desire
 While others sink and in the surf expire.
 The problem crossed my mind, how well it were
 That all life's voyagers should here prepare
 To launch their bark upon time's seething tide
 With God and truth their chart and helm to guide,
 And yield, as nature does, to heav'n above,
 Unswerving worship for redeeming love.

J. C.

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